

HE IS FLOURISHING

"Bill" Tron's Pool Room Now Has No Counter Attractions.

Crowded with Lambs Every Day—How the Betting Is Done—As Bad as the "Craps" Table.



HILE THE cadaverous old "Uncle Luke," who used to be on the lookout at the entrance of Tron's craps joint, which is located over the saloon, is out of a job, the pool rooms in the rear of this notorious groggery are still the rendezvous of the more and less sportive class of this city. Persons who have not seen the smoky interior of a pool room will never know until they have been an eyewitness just exactly how these "institutions" look. The impressions that come with a first view of an infamy are not the ones that make themselves perceptible after some acquaintance with it. Looking for the first time upon a pool room might suggest little more than an idea of elegant leisure. Men are seated on benches and chairs, and are standing here and there in knots of from three to ten, or jammed closely against each other, according to the density of the congregation. There is only a blackboard, ruled and arranged for the names of horses, with certain figures, which represent the odds placed upon them, in some coming race. Inside a wicker cage, as it were, is stationed a rare and whose back is always stained with blood money and whose maw is never full, and whose appetite for current coin never seems to be thoroughly satisfied. This bird is part man, however, part bird and still very largely beast. Higher up is stationed a telegraph operator with a thin, piping voice, who announces odds by wire and yells out when the horses start at "the Gut." Gravesend, Monmouth Park or wherever the race may be taking place. Then there is the gentleman who paces to and fro before the blackboard, putting down a figure here or scratching off the name of a horse—turning and moving in an endless routine of gesticulations much like that of a caged tiger about meal time. In the meanwhile the crowd gathers thicker and



thicker, or at least does so at Tron's place, until the atmosphere of the two rooms is stifling. So soon as the odds are placed upon the horses in a race, men begin placing their money—in fact, cramming and jamming it through the small hole in the wicker cage to the strange bird referred to, who "seals it down" and hands out in return a ticket more or less scribbled, that tells the name of the horse, the amount put upon him, etc. This ticket is held nervously until the operator with the thin voice has declared it of no value, when it is torn to atoms and thrown on the floor. With succeeding visits to the pool room, however, additional facts are discovered which might furnish material for many a sermon. There are familiar faces—in fact, nearly all the faces seen there are or come to be familiar. Nobody has ever yet had the audacity to claim for a minute that a living could be realized through continued betting on horse races, and yet the most of the faces and forms seen are the properties of those who continue betting on these fallacies. There seems to be no normal man who can affect the assiduity of a dupe, and one would naturally conclude that the habits of the pool room were a school of duped victims, if not so far removed from the normal state by their continued excitement as to be absolutely imbecile. Passing among the crowd that usually fills Tron's pool rooms, which were at full blast yesterday, hardly a man might be found who would not frankly admit the folly of his actions in betting money on any horse listed. While these victims preserve almost to the last an erratic candor which is truly pathetic, they lose apparently all vestige of judgment and power to withstand the momentum of the betting mania which germinates and develops in this academy of gambling, which is located in the rear of Tron's saloon and is never



visited by the patrol wagon, police interference or any other symptom of city government. There is a sin behind sin generally, and one upon which the latter rests. If a man becomes a pool room imbecile in this city, his physical and mental construction may be somewhat faulty, but the existence of a pool room is the prime factor in his destruction, and for that existence no smaller man than Mayor Sullivan is responsible. "Tron's pulled out," said Tip Malcolm yesterday, while waiting for a race on which he seemed to have had a tip. Tip Malcolm is well known about town. According to his own statement, he never was for four years before he left his home in Paris, Ill., tarry at either church or Sunday school, but he came to Indianapolis and graduated as a gambler. "Where is Tron?" "Gone to Chicago, they say." "To take in the fair?" "N—no. I guess he went up there to get out of Indianapolis politics." "How do things look?" "The Democrats lose and the Republicans win. I've not been wrong on election for sixteen years." "Think so?" "Why you can't get even money in town if you back Denny—try it for yourself. I tell you the Democrats have thrown up the sponge already." "What's the matter with 'em Tip?" "Looks like people are a little weary of being run by the gamblers and are going to make a break towards getting themselves

a Mayor," and Mr. Malcolm hurried away to put a little money on a "longshot," and with him went a very familiar face. At times it would seem that, like us in a continued story, there are few new characters bobbing up in the pool room. Clerks, now and then a business man and the regular padding up of "hangars-on" comprise the majority of the cast of characters in this daily play. If there is any one game over another which in good faith should be closed by agreement, pool, or official power, that game is certainly the one behind Tron's saloon, as its victims seem to be the blindest to their follies. There are many who visit this place with whatever money they can scrape up, bet it, lose it, go to sleep on the bench, and, being awakened, go away, but to return and do the same thing on the day following. Whatever effect the Democrats may have supposed this preconcerted closing of certain gambling shops would have on the popular vote at the coming election, has been seriously crippled if not destroyed by the leaving open of Tron's saloon on North Illinois street. The latest information is to the effect that Gus Rakko's "craps" den on East Washington street has closed. It is stated that the gamblers have at last induced Rakko to come into the closing pool. This puts a serious complexion on the outlook for Democracy, as Gus never before saw any shadows that were black enough to close his paying game in the basement of his butcher shop.

OFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

A Summer Song.
 A down the river the sunbeams quiver
 In golden glory on wave and tree;
 And through their shifting our boat goes
 Drifting.
 Away, away, to the great gray sea.
 So idly floating we glide, unnoting
 The slanting rays on the peaceful stream,
 And quite forgetting the near sun-setting,
 We are all content to drift and dream.

O eyes I sing to,
 O hand I cling to,
 O heart as true as heart can be,
 May we keep together
 In any weather,
 And Love be pilot across the sea!

O Love, whose smiling, the time beguiling,
 Is sweet to dream of and sweet to see,
 Through life's brief story of summer glory,
 The river of time bears you and me
 Fast hill and meadow, through sun and shadow,
 With scarcely a thought of the nearing sea!

O day, as fleetest when life is sweetest—
 With earth so glad, what shall heaven be?

O eyes I sing to,
 O hand I cling to,
 O heart as true as heart can be,
 May we keep together
 In any weather,
 And Love be pilot across the sea!

—From the Lover's Year Book of Poetry.

My Ship.
 Hope is not hope till patience tests it long;
 Faith is not faith till trial makes it strong;
 There comes at last a moment in our lives
 Worth all the weary years that went before—
 It is the moment when our ship arrives
 That brings our long-expected wealth ashore.

So here beside the ocean's foam
 I wait until my ship comes home!

She now perhaps is near at hand,
 And waiting to receive some sign,
 Some signal, some command
 To warrant her to anchor and to land,
 And that is why I stand and beckon,
 Or if she be not here as yet
 (For tidings, sir, are hard to get),
 Let this I know,
 That breezes blow
 And waters flow
 And whether she be far or nigh,
 My ship is coming by and by.

—Theodore Tilton.

Her Eyes.
 That they are brown no man will dare to say
 He knows. And yet I think that no man's
 Ever those depths of light and shade for-
 sook.

Until their gentle pain warned him away,
 Of all sweet things, I know but one which
 may
 Be likened to her eyes.

When, in deep nook
 Of some green field, the water of a brook
 Makes lingering, whirling eddy in its way,
 Round soft drowned leaves; and in a flash
 of sun
 They turn to gold, until the ripples run
 Now brown, now yellow, changing as by
 some
 Swift spell.

I know not with what body come
 The saints. But this I know, my paradise
 Will mean the resurrection of her eyes.
 —Helen Hunt Jackson.

Travelers.
 We shall lodge at the Sign o' the Grave
 you say:
 Yet the road is a long one we trudge,
 my friend,
 So why should we grieve at the break of
 the day?
 Let us drink, let us love, let us sing, let us
 play,
 We can keep our sighs for the journey's
 end.

We shall lodge at the Sign o' the Grave
 you say:
 Well, since we are nearing the journey's
 end,
 Our hearts must be merry while yet they
 may;
 Let us drink, let us love, let us sing, let us
 play,
 For perchance it's a comfortless inn, my
 friend.

—London Athenaeum.

Out in the Cold.
 The editor perused my precious lay
 While in his cozy easy-chair he rocked.
 My heart sank when I heard him softly say:
 "It's very nice; but we are overstocked."

I've tried that genial critic many times,
 Yet never have I sold him anything.
 He's always overstocked, and all my rhymes
 Come floating back on light and airy wing.

All through his monthly, to discover who
 Writes his great verse, each moon I pa-
 tient plod
 To find the name of Tabitha Bartoo
 Beside the name of Lucy Toodles Todd.

It seems a wondrous mystery to me—
 My finest sense of poethood is shocked—
 When these two offer gems of poetry
 The editor is never overstocked.

—R. K. Munkittrick, in Puck.

In Thirty Styles.
 Washington Post.

A Frenchman has learned how the words
 "I love" are written in thirty different
 languages, with the following results:

In English—I love.
 In French—J'aime.
 In German—Ich liebe.
 In Dutch—Ik heb lie.
 In Swedish—Jag elsker.
 In Danish—Jeg elsker.
 In Norwegian—Jeg elsker.
 In Latin—Amo.
 In Italian—Amo.
 In Spanish—Amo.
 In Portuguese—Amo.
 In Russian—Люблю.
 In Polish—Kocham.
 In Hungarian—Várok.
 In Greek—Αγαπο.
 In Turkish—Sereyroum.
 In Armenian—Gestrem.
 In Roumanian—En ilbesb.
 In Biscayan—Maitatzendet.
 In Hindoostan—Mala bolta.
 In Persian—Doustidarem.
 In Arabic (Egypt)—Nefel.
 In Arabic (Algeria)—Nehabb.
 In Cambodian—Khubom sreland.
 In Malay—Sahya suka.
 In Annamitish—Toi Thu'ong.
 In Chinese—Ouo hihnaung.
 In Japanese—Watakusi wa suki masa.
 In Eriton—Karan.
 In Volapuk—Lofob.

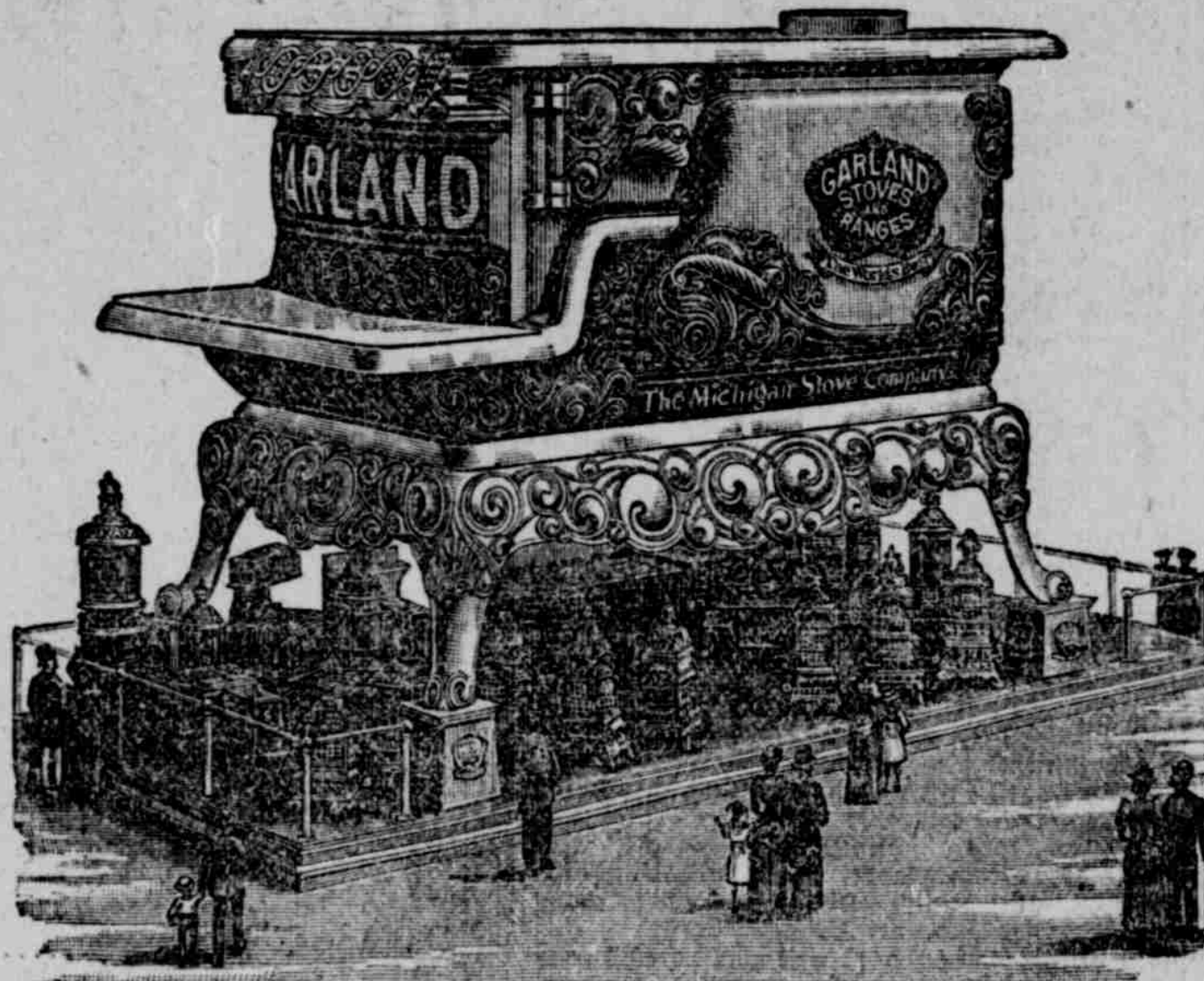
Traffic in Art.
 W. D. Howells, in Scribner's Magazine.

I think every man ought to work for his living, without exception, and that when he has once avouched his willingness to work society should provide him with work and warrant him a living. I do not think any man ought to live by an art. A man's art should be his privilege, when he has proven his fitness to exercise it, and has otherwise earned his daily bread; but he knows should be free to all. There is an instinctive sense of this, even in the midst of the grotesque confusion of our economic being; people feel that there is something profane, something impious, in taking money for a picture, or a poem, or a statue. Most of all the artist himself feels this. He puts on a bold front with the world, to be sure, and braves it out as business; but he knows very well that there is something false and vulgar in it, and that the work which cannot be truly priced in money cannot be truly paid in money.

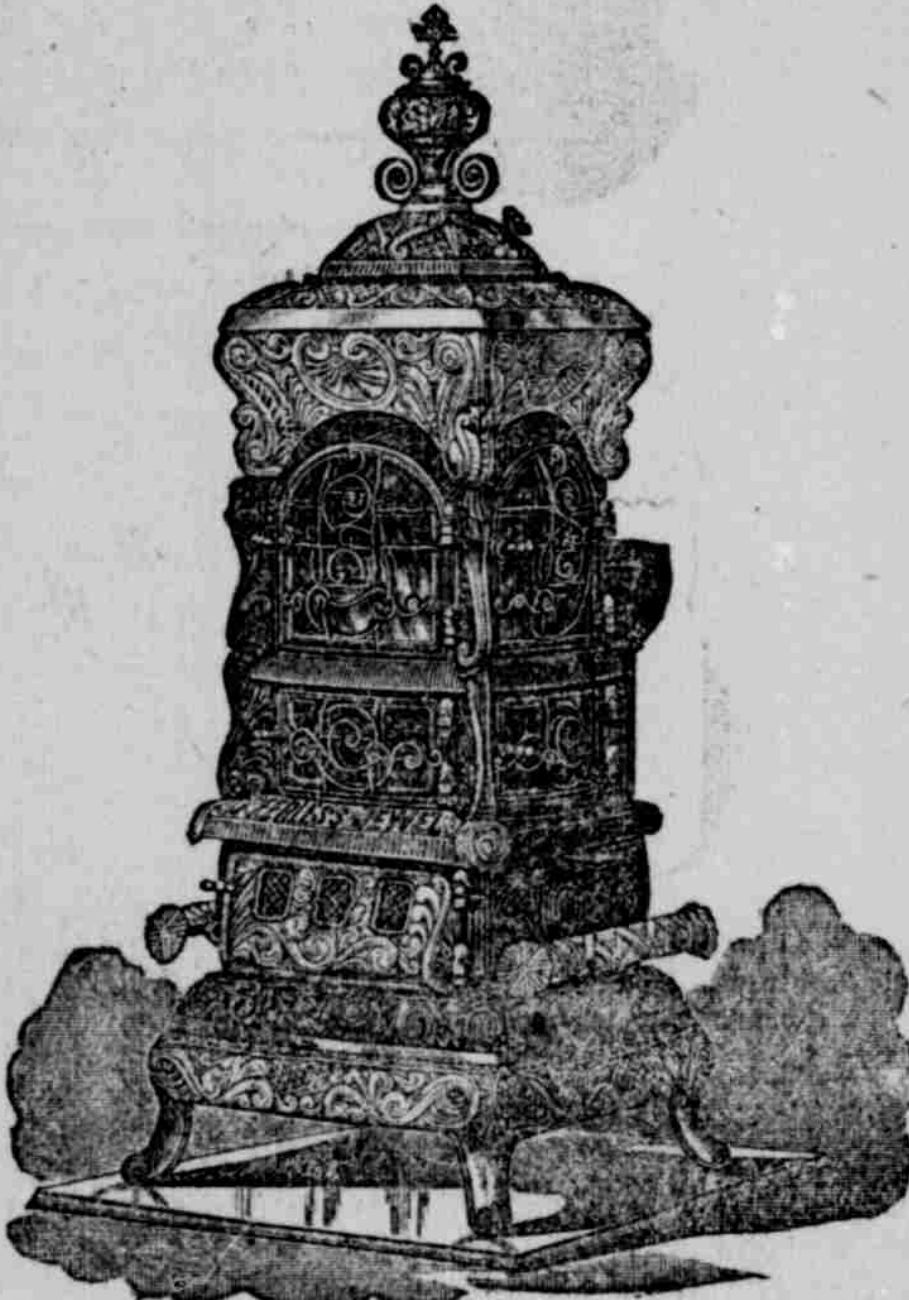
WORLD'S FAIR

LARGEST STORE IN THE STATE.

We are Sole Agents for the finest, best and most stylish goods made. We have been able to buy goods at greatly reduced prices, on account of the hard times. We are going to give the benefit of same to our customers. We have no opposition when it comes to prices.



We are sole agents for the GARLAND line of Stoves. Largest and finest line of Stoves made in the World. Over 250 samples on the floor. Don't fail to see the Avon Garland, finest stove made for natural gas. Something new. Don't fail to see it.



\$30



\$15



\$4.50



\$8



TOILET SET

See our Toilet Set for

\$2.00, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$10.00, \$15.00

All cut 40 per cent. off regular price.

DINNER SET

See our \$6.00, \$8.00, \$10.00, \$15.00, \$20.00, \$25.00, \$35.00 Set.



CARPET DEPT.

We bought the entire production of one of the largest factories in the East that failed. The stock includes 1,000 rolls of Carpet, from the cheapest cotton to the very best all-wool extra super. These goods were bought for spot cash, at half their value, and will be sold at the very low prices named below:

Choice of any all-wool extra super in our house for 59c per yard.

Choice of 50 patterns of all wool at 55c per yard.

Don't fail to see our all-wool extra super at 40c per yard.

Our 35c Carpet beats anything that has ever yet been offered for that price.

Good Carpet for 15c, 18c and 20c.

Velvet and Brussels Carpets.

A large line of private patterns to select from. All prices.

STRAW MATTING

A 15c Matting for 10c

A 25c Matting for 15c

A 30c Matting for 20c

A 35c Matting for 25c

OIL-CLOTH

We bought two carloads of the well-known Farr-Bailey Oil-cloth at a special price, and will make a price to sell it.

A fair Oil-cloth for 12c per yard.

A good Oil-cloth for 20c per yard.

Best Oil-cloth for 30c per yard.

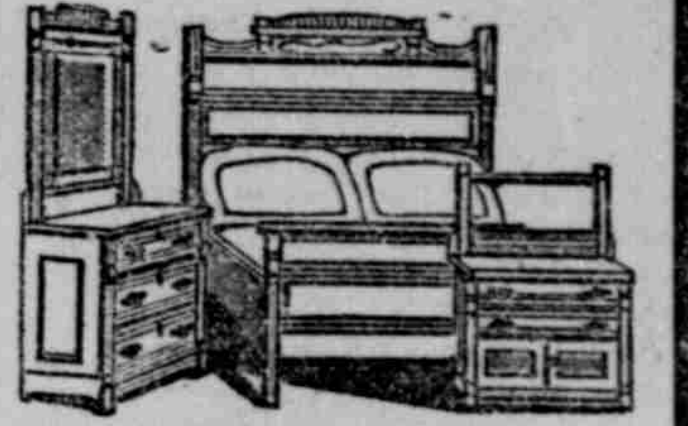
Oil-cloth Rugs 35c, 50c and 75c each.

PORTIERES

Everything in Portieres, from the cheapest to the best. We have forty-eight pairs of all-over curtains that were formerly \$14; will close them at \$7 per pair.

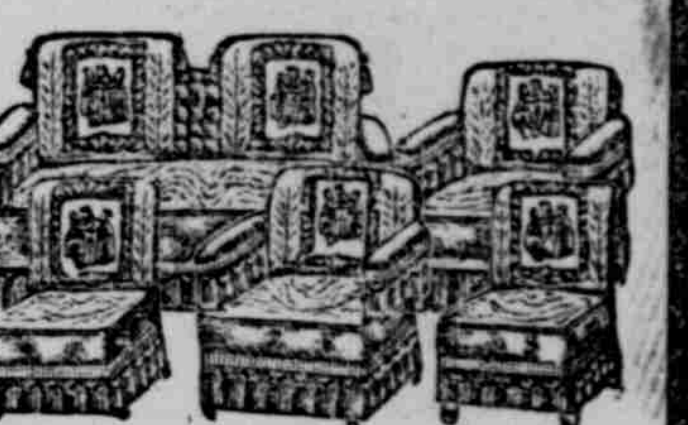
LACE CURTAINS

5,000 pairs of Lace Curtains at 50c, 75c, \$1 and \$1.50. Less than half price.



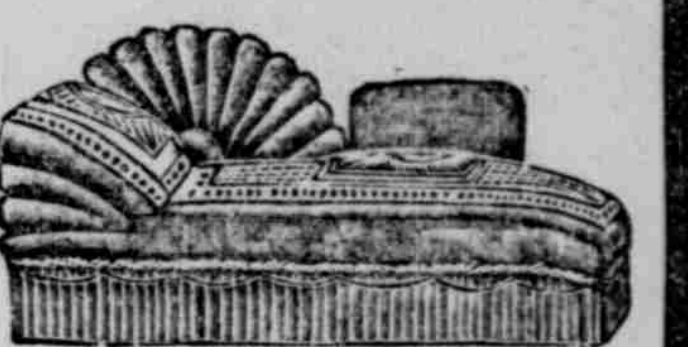
This Bedroom Suit \$9.50

Just received eight carloads from a firm that passed into the hands of a receiver. We will guarantee to sell these at half their real value. We have them at \$9.50, \$12, \$15, \$25 and \$35. All worth double the money. Call and see for yourself.



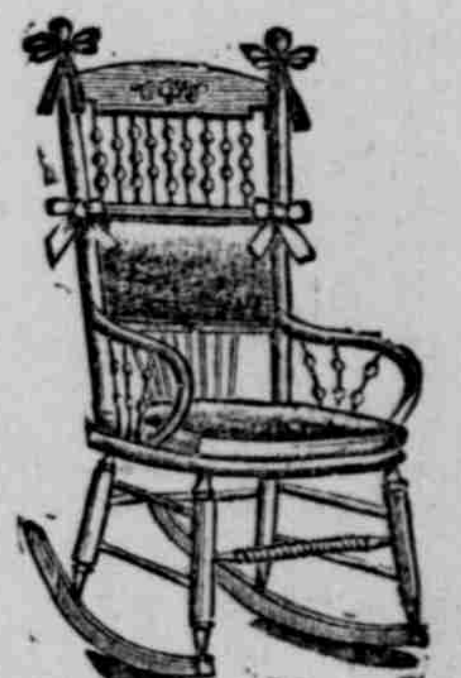
Parlor Furniture

At \$15, \$18, \$35, \$50, \$75 and \$100. One hundred samples to select from.



Bed Lounge

At \$8, \$10, \$15, \$20. One hundred samples to select from. See our \$18, \$25, \$35 Couch. Thirty-five samples to select from.



Rockers

At \$1.50, \$2, \$3, \$5, \$8, \$10, \$15. Two hundred samples to select from.



Carriages

At \$5, \$10, \$15 and \$25. Fifty samples to select from.



Trunks

At \$2, \$5, \$10 and \$15. Thirty-five samples to select from.